

ADDITIONAL LOCAL.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

—H. B. Stradling of Beloit, Ohio, is visiting friends in the city.

—John Hamilton drove down from Columbus Monday to get a good square meal. He got it.

—Mr. Jack Beete of Chicago has been engaged to assist in the dry goods department of J. M. Cooper's store.

—Capt. R. P. McGregor went to Kansas City, Kan., Tuesday night to attend the meeting of the grand lodge of Select Knights.

—Frank Distelhorst of Kansas City is stopping at the Springs making preparations for a hunting expedition with Capt. Price.

—Will McElhiney returned Sunday from a ten day's trip to Chicago and other big eastern towns. He says Chicago after dark beats anything he ever saw in the old Tar Heel state in daylight.

—Jim Chew, candidate for sheriff, drove into town one day this week on an innocent canvassing tour, but as his intentions were unknown he drove quite a number of constituents to the brush. The boys all like Jim, but they would rather he wouldn't come round in his official capacity quite so often.

The Osage Quapaws have made application for a delegation to Washington. It is understood they wish to come back to this reservation, but as all the lands are fenced, and the best of them occupied by Arkansaw Quapaws, they will demand the removal of all those who were placed on the rolls during the past few years. It is true the Arkansaw Quapaws have not done as much towards putting their lands in cultivation as they should have done, yet they are far superior to the full bloods, whose only aim is to squat around in little hovels, drink lemon extract and sing "Ki-yi-yu" on Sunday. If the Osage Quapaws want to come back here simply to hold their lands and keep out good farmers, they had better stay where they are. What we want and what the Indians want is more work and less dog, and unless they are willing to put their lands in cultivation the government should put them in the hands of those who will.

About a dozen Modocs took the train Wednesday morning for Oregon to visit their old lava bed friends. It is about 20 years since these Indians were brought here and placed in charge of an agent and they have accomplished wonders in the way of civilization, education and agriculture. The reason why they have outstripped other Indians lies in the fact that they were at once made to depend on their own resources; no annuities, no government aid, and very little land. It was a ground hog case with them and they made the best of it. They are industrious, frugal and temperate in their habits, neat in appearance, and as they don't care whether the government owns the railroads or not they have money to pay for a first class return ticket to Oregon and don't have to ask anybody for a cent.

The marriage notice of Jack Fish, which appeared in the News a few weeks since, was a mistake. We wish our friends would be a little more particular when they hand in notices of marriages, deaths and births. A short time since we published a gentleman's obituary and the deceased walked into the office the next morning with an elm club demanding a retraction. It is very embarrassing to be obliged to make these retractions, but the truth must prevail and we can safely say that Jack Fish was not married as reported.

The Oliver Comedy and Specialty Co., closed their engagement at the opera house last night. They did fairly well considering the warm weather although the company certainly deserves liberal patronage. The cornet playing by Master Guy and Miss Cricket was far above the average. Courtney is a whole team in himself and it is well worth the price of admission to see him. Last night they produced the laughable three act musical comedy Pock's Bad Boy.—Gate City Daily Graphic, Texarkana, Arkansas.

C. D. Meserve has sold his interest in the implement business to the Baxter Springs Implement Co., and will return to Chicago about the 1st of November. Mr. and Mrs. Meserve have made many warm friends since they came to this city some four years ago and their loss will be felt in society and business circles. We will not say farewell to them as we feel sure they will return again, as nearly all others do who leave Baxter Springs.

We would like to see every family in Baxter Springs try a sack of the latest manufacture of the Baxter mills. If it is as good as other flour our home mill should be patronized. It cost the city a good sum of money to secure this mill and we are all interested in it. Let us give it a fair trial and if possible support home industries.

Ayer's Pills, being convenient, efficacious, and safe, are the best cathartic, whether on land or sea, in city or country. For constipation, sick headache, indigestion, and torpid liver, they never fail. Try a box of them; they are sugar-coated.

FAREWELL TO MARIA!

The good ship "Maria Halpin" has left the port of Baxter Springs never to return no more. Some of her passengers and crew may possibly come back, but the Maria will never again be seen in these waters. A big crowd gathered at the wharf Wednesday morning and when Commodore Perkins gave the order to steam up there was scarcely a dry eye or a dry man in the crowd. The parting was very painful to the naked eye and had not skipper Johnson taken undue precautions many of the passengers would have given up the voyage. The log of the vessel shows the following passengers and crew, Ira C. Perkins, commodore; Shelby Johnson, master; J. Ross Valentine, head gunner; Frank Perkins, steward; R. N. Valentine, chaplain; W. H. Peterson, captain of the main top, surgeon and bar-keeper; Col. Warner and H. R. Crowell stowaways.

It is always exhilarating to see a grand ship under full sail leave a port bound on an unknown voyage, through an unknown country, but in this instance, where the whole outfit is taken from our most lovely and cherished sons, starting out on a perilous enterprise perhaps never to return (as four of them are bank cashiers and the rest Sunday school superintendents) with their loved ones standing on the shore weeping and wringing their hands, and the bold tars on the fore-castle wringing corks out of beer bottles—such a scene, we say, would draw salt water from a graven image. Should anything befall this expedition the loss would not alone fall on Kansas and the United States, but New Jersey also would put on sackcloth and ashes and mourn as she has not mourned since she gave a majority of 3000 for the Republican party.

But let us not anticipate misfortunes. The boat is staunch and seaworthy. She is well officered, well provisioned and well provided with life preserving apparatus. As the boat went round the bend below McAboy's hog lot we saw a row of empty bottles strapped around each loved form, so that even should they be drowned their bodies will be preserved. There is surely no lack of life preservers.

At 10 o'clock precisely, in spite of all tears and lamentations, the watery-eyed skipper ordered the gang planks hauled in, the pilot took the wheel and in less than 30 minutes the craft was well under way going down the current at less than three knots an hour. After deborning a few cottonwood snags and sparring over a sand bar all hands were put to work on the pumps and by 12 o'clock she was almost out of sight, but the voice of the commodore could still be heard giving his commands in deep sea tones: "Lar-bud!" "Let go the main royal!" "Reef the mizzen hatchway." "Unfurl the chambermaid!" "Port! port! hard a port, you sonofaseacock!" "Luff, luff, you lubber!" "Gosh all firelocks! pipe all hands to lunch!"

LATER.—Big George came in late yesterday afternoon and reported having seen the upper gearing of a strange craft displaying New Jersey colors at half mast and supposed to be the "Halpin" stuck on the Devil's Hollow sand bar. Soundings were being taken and as there was full three fathoms of water on the bar and a first class barkeeper on the boat by throwing over the empty kegs and extra ballast she is no doubt by this time under headway again.

LATER STILL.—One of the able seamen of the "Maria" returned last night and reports the "Maria" as having gone foul of a snag which struck her between wind and water in longitude 30 deg. 16 sec., latitude 80 deg. and 40 sec. with a strong gale blowing from the south, so west by south east, causing her passengers to fill until pumps had to be brought into requisition. She was finally plugged and again started on her voyage with the loss of only a few lives and slight damage to cargo.

THE VERY LATEST.—Just as we go to press Joe Sixkiller arrives and states that the Maria Halpin was lost on a reef between the Devil's Promenade and Jim Charley's ford. She went down stern foremost with all on board about 6 a. m., Oct. 23, 1891. Life boats were promptly manned and the most valuable part of the cargo was saved. Two cases cognac, three of the crew and a setter dog sank to rise no more. The balance of the crew were water-logged, but have been placed on dry dock and will return on the first home-bound vessel.

Wm. H. Peterson, cashier of the Middlesex bank of Perth Amboy, N. J., Robt. N. Valentine and J. Ross Valentine of Woodbridge, N. J., arrived here Tuesday last and will spend a month with a party from Baxter Springs hunting and fishing on the rivers and streams of the Indian territory. They will return to this city about the last of November and will spend a few days with friends here before they go back to the wilds of New Jersey.

I desire to build up a straightforward, square-toed real estate business in Baxter Springs and would like the co-operation of all property holders. Kansas is coming to the front and Baxter Springs must not be left in the rear. I shall advertise all property free of charge and endeavor to draw outside customers. Give me a description of your property if you wish to sell.

C. W. DANIELS.

THROUGH THE TERRITORY.

Seventeen members of Baxter post attended the reunion at Southwest City, Mo., and they were well received and amply provided for. The reunion was a success in every particular, being one of the best attended and most enthusiastic meetings of old soldiers ever held in that section of country. The Rev. Hackney of Joplin was the principal orator and was rather radical in some of his remarks, but his speech was well received by the majority and the reverend gentleman found many who were delighted with all he said. The Indian territory was well represented at the meeting by both soldiers and citizens, and Arkansaw brought out her full quota, among whom were some who had not seen a blue coat or a brass button since the war.

Of course Missouri had the largest representation, both of Federals and Confederates, but there was no bitterness or ill feeling engendered and the Kansas Jayhawkers took as much delight in caressing the snuff-chewing female whose daddy fit the Yankees with a muzzle-loading shotgun as they did in drinking home-made still slop with a federal quartermaster. The McDonald county people are a whole-souled, liberal-hearted set of christians, and whether you go among them on special invitation or just drop in unexpectedly you are sure of kind entertainment if not a royal welcome such as the Baxter veterans received.

It is a fact that some of the ladies down there use snuff with a stick, but that is nobody's business but their own, and whether she comes from Cross Hollow, Rocky Comfort or Hoge-eye, a lady should have the same right to use snuff that the long-legged Arkansaw crank has to use dogtail plug or moonshine whiskey. Snuff chewing cannot be called an intellectual occupation, but it occupies the mind as well as the jaws and as a nerve exhilarator is far superior to chewing gum.

Southwest City is nestled in Honey creek hollow, surrounded by high hills on every side, and is well supplied with splendid spring water, four saloons and a peach brandy manufactory. It is ten miles from a railroad, but has a large territory trade and the people generally are prosperous, virtuous, contented and happy.

The drive of fifty miles through the northeast corner of the territory is a most delightful one. The roads are good, the country is generally well settled and the landscape from all points is like a magnificent panorama. Crossing the Neosho river at Pooler's ferry we strike the Cherokee nation, and judging from the appearance of things the Cherokees are a civilized tribe. Good farms with comfortable houses, barns and out buildings, large straw stacks and big corn shocks are evidences of agricultural prosperity and at Fairland, a little town of only one year's growth, we find seven stores in full blast and all seemingly doing a good business. Fairland has a sure enough railroad and is bound to be a commercial center.

At Harlan's ferry on Grand river a scene equal to Cropsy's famous "American Autumn" is presented to view. Grand river is one of the most beautiful streams on the continent and at this season of the year the view up the river is unusually magnificent. The river banks are fringed with dark green willows with the hill sides for a background which are covered with the variegated leaves of every variety of forest trees and vines commonly found in this section. The ash, oak, sugar maple and walnut were so artistically commingled with the brighter hues of the sumac and ivy, covering a half mile of hill side, with one of most splendid panoramic scenes, such as nature's God alone can make, and that only in the fall of the year. The scene was so grand, magnificent and exhilarating and the river itself so lovely and clear that we filled all our empty water jugs and passed on into the gloom of the deep forest on the other side.

From Harlan's ferry to the Missouri state line the country is well settled with nearly every acre in wheat and corn. It is a rich country and occupied mostly by white tenants who rent from the Indians, and pay a handsome revenue every year for the use of the lands. We trust our Quapaw friends will follow the example set by the Cherokees, and instead of leasing their lands to cattle men, seek out good thrifty farmers and have all their lands put in grain. It would be better for them if they could do this work themselves, but it is better to rent the lands to farmers than to let them lie idle or remain as pastures.

The G. A. R. boys who attended the reunion at Southwest City last week wish to have it thoroughly understood that they appreciate the kind attention displayed to them and the substantial and solid comforts given them by Col. Tom McIntosh, the big-hearted manager, and also the officers and people generally of that hospitable city.

To those having farms to sell an opportunity is now offered. I will advertise a limited number free of charge if placed in my hands at once. I have several customers on hand now for Kansas farms and think I will be able to find buyers for quite a number this fall at fair prices. If anyone is anxious to sell please give me description right away.

C. W. DANIELS, Real Estate Agent.

Baxter Springs Implement Comp'y.

I wish to say to the people of Baxter Springs, Cherokee County and the Indian Territory that I am putting in the largest, finest and most complete stock of Farm Implements, Wagons, Carriages, Buggies, Spring Wagons, Carts, light and heavy Harness and Saddlery ever displayed in this section, and I am prepared to make prices that no other dealer can compete with. I am representing the Baxter Springs Implement Company and my stock will all be new and of the latest styles and patterns. I shall keep nothing that I cannot guarantee or recommend, and if you want anything in the above lines it will pay you to come and see me before buying. I keep a full line of the Moline Plow Co's. goods, all of which are well known and standard varieties. My Carriages are of the best make and finish and I will have a full stock to select from. Do not fail to see my complete line of Harness and Saddlery. I have come back here to do you good.

J. B. LUDLUM, Manager,
BAXTER SPRINGS IMPLEMENT CO.

LOOK AHEAD! THINK DEEPLY!

When you are contemplating a purchase of anything in our line, no matter how small may be the amount involved, it will pay you to look our large and well assorted stock of Fall and Winter goods over. After seeing the prices and examining the quality of our goods, you can't resist them. It is impossible for you to do better elsewhere. We can't blow our bazoo like some people. We don't advertise today what a big trade we had tomorrow. We don't sell goods on our cheek. Which do you want, cheap chuck or chump cheek? We provide the former, cheap chuck, and Blowhard the chump cheek. You remember in the old fable how that fool dog dropped the piece of meat he held to snap at his shadow in the water. He traded off substance for shadow. There are plenty of people just as foolish as that dog. They trade where they are well treated, get the best goods at the lowest prices, and when they read a windy "puff" offering goods at prices that put a premium on fraud and deception, they get carried away by the wind and spend money for what turns out to be

A BIG SHADOW!

You may put it down for certain that there is no substance in these promises. Merchants can't sell below cost and live off their losses. If they charge half price for one article they make two profits on another. You must pay for the puff as well as the goods.

BY OUR BOLD AND FEARLESS METHOD

of doing business we are not afraid to present our claims to the attention of the purchasing public and trust to their sagacity to discriminate between the glittering statements of competitors and the pure gold facts. We mean business. We ask for it, we work for it, we hunt it and we get it, and when we get it we expect to keep it. We go slow, but we get there. Our goods are good. They pay us to handle and you to buy. We don't have to bribe our customers with cheap chromos or snide silverware, neither do we sacrifice our sales.

J. C. LITTLE,

COLUMBUS, : : : : KANSAS.



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Well built and very compact; no expensive foundation required; perfectly balanced in shop at a speed of from 80 to 200 revolutions a minute. Just two Engines for light power: 3-horse power complete, \$60; 4-horse power, \$115. For Repairs of any kind, write, we send to us. Engine pumps and Printing Press Repairs a specialty. Best workmen and facilities for such work. Write.

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